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NOMAD™

ROADKILL

Samuel Sanoka / Lauretta
MARK McKENNA '92

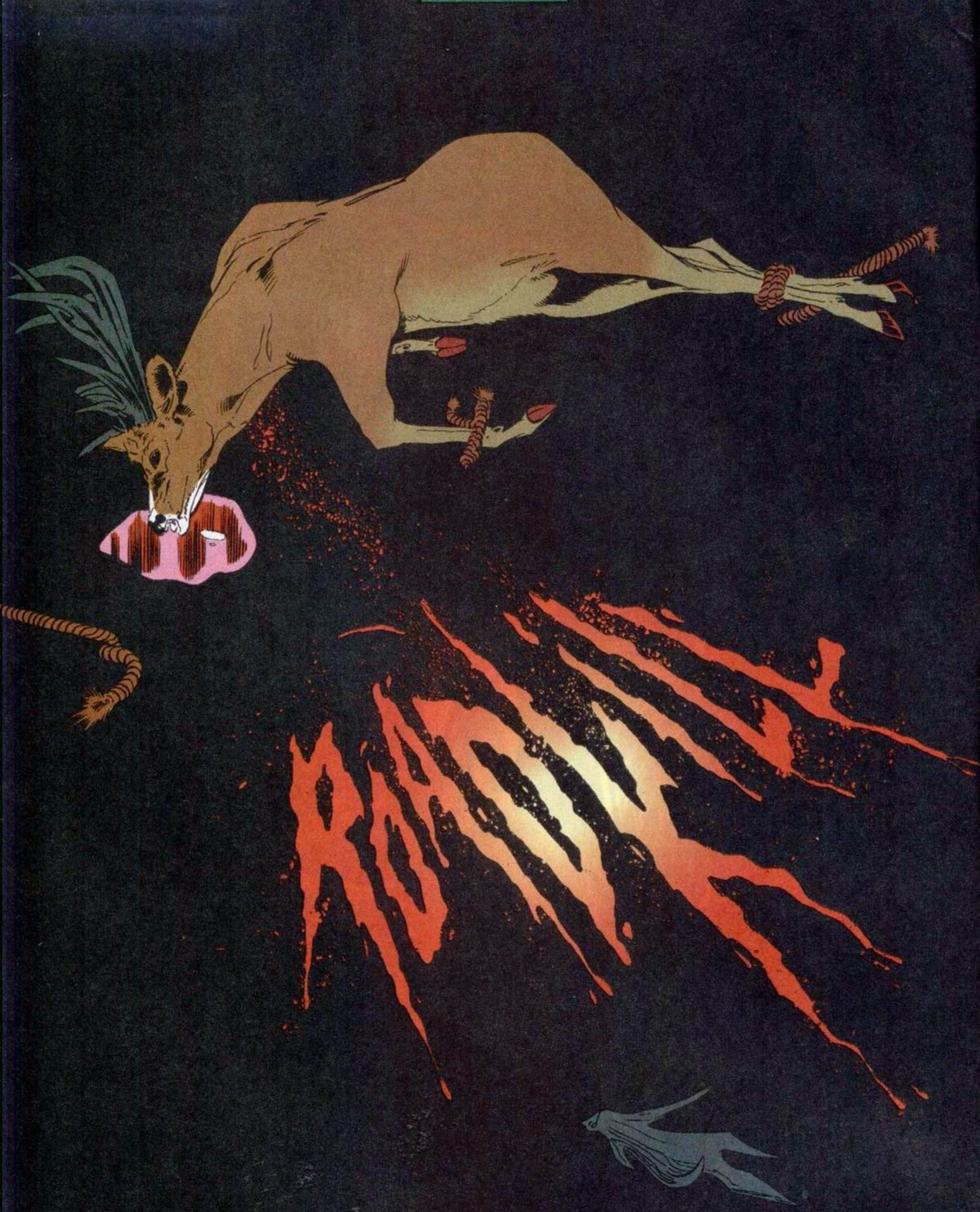
30TH ANNIVERSARY 1962 1992

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

Jack Monroe. A failed super soldier. A fallen super hero. A reluctant "father." Wandering the highways and byways of this vast land, Monroe tries to discover himself, by discovering America.

Stan Lee presents

NOMAD



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HOOOEY! GREAT, HUH, ANGIE?

OPEN YOUR EYES, KIP. DIDN'T SPLATTER.

HUH? NO? BUMMER. YOU GOT A CIG, HARRY?

NO? BUMMER. WHAT'D IT DO THEN?

BOUNCED A BIT.

DIDN'T SPLATTER? YOU SURE?

CRUD. BETTER WHEN THEY SPLATTER.

HARRY-- HITCHHIKER COMING--HOW MANY POINTS?

GOOD ONE, ANGIE! SPLATTER HIM, I'LL BET.

HITTIN' THE WATERING HOLE, RIGHT? FIRST ROUND'S ON ME.

SPLAT

VRRMMM

NINE AT NIGHT. TWO MILES OUTSIDE SOME PUDDLE OF SPIT AND GRIT CALLED PETCHLUWAN.

NEVER SHOULD'VE LEFT INTERSTATE 5 OUTSIDE OF *RED BLUFF*.

BUT THERE'S MORE BUTTON-DOWN GOOSE-STEPPINGS ON THE MAJOR ARTERIES.

ME AND COPS DON'T GET ALONG TOO WELL, BESIDES, CALIFORNIA'S SUPPOSED TO BE MELLOW, RIGHT ?

WHAT'S... OH...

MAYBE PETCHUWAN HAS MORE GOING FOR IT THAN BAD DINER FOOD...

HATE TO SEE A NICE BUCK LIKE THIS ONE TOO STUPID TO SEE THE CAR COMING.

NO. NOT MY PROBLEM. WHY BOTHER ? KEEP WALKING, *JACK*.

UNLESS...

A TETHER LINE ?

THAT PICK-UP -- IT KILLED THE DEER ON *PURPOSE* ?

MAYBE I SHOULD TURN AROUND.

HEGHJOU KAFWOO

I KNOW, I KNOW.

I'M AN IDIOT FOR STICKING MY NOSE WHERE IT DOESN'T BELONG...

PETCHUWA

HARDWARE

MOTORS

WATERIN' HOLE

BEST WAY TO GET THE FLOW OF A TOILET LIKE THIS IS TO HIT THE BIGGEST *BAR* IN TOWN.

IN PETCHUWAN THE PLACE IS CALLED THE *WATERING HOLE*.

WHAT ARE YOUR NEIGHBORS UP TOO?

let's TAKE A PIQUE

APRIL

"ROADKILL" USA!

Petchuwan, California

also...

"THE SPLIT"

PAT COMES CLEAN!

The real story why he left Glenn for Ralf.

-- SO SHE SAYS, "NOT IF YOU'RE GONNA KEEP ME UP ON THAT HYDRAULIC LIFT ALL NIGHT LONG!"

HAH! GOOD ONE, ANGIE! SO WHAT'D YOU DO?

AHEM. BOYS.

ALWAYS TIME FOR ONE MORE, WOMAN!

HOW MANY TONIGHT? THREE? FIVE? *MORE?*

Scraped off the Grill

Specials

MONDAY-- BABY BACKED OVER RIBS

Just Winged it

FOR THE KIDDIES

Bambi Burger

HEY--! ULMANN-- *LET GO!*

I'VE TOLD YOU TO STAY OUT OF MY FACE!

THAT'S WHAT I THINK OF YOUR FACE, HARRY ULMANN!

AND *THIS* IS WHAT I THINK OF YOUR PATHETIC TOWN!

KCHISHK

AW @#!$-- THE MAGAZINE COVER!

TROUBLE, MA'AM?

SLAP

STUPID MISTAKE, *ERICKA*.

LAST ONE YOU'LL MAKE.

UHM -- NO -- IT'S OKAY -- THEY'RE JUST --

EXCUSE ME.

BACK AWAY FROM HER, BUDDY! WE GOT NO CALL FOR *MORE* STRANGERS IN THIS TOWN!

YOU WITH HER -- ONE O'THEM *ANIMAL FREAKS*?

URKK

THERE'S NO PROBLEM BETWEEN US UNDER-STAND?

BUT I *DO* HAVE A PROBLEM WITH PEOPLE WHO SMACK WOMEN AROUND.

YOU UNDER-STAND, DON'T YOU?

UH-HUH

GEEZ.

GOOD.

NOW GO BACK TO YOUR BEERS AND LAUGH IT ALL OFF.

MA'AM -- ARE YOU --

I TAKE IT NO ONE *EVER* MESSES AROUND WITH THE GOOD OL' BOYS IN THIS TOWN.

GONE.

AND THE REGULARS ARE EITHER PICKING THEIR JAWS UP OFF THE FLOOR OR GIVING ME THE MADONNA VIDEO EYES.

I CAN TELL TONIGHT'S GOING TO BE A TOTAL BUST.

NOT FAST FOOD ... BUT FOOD THAT WASN'T FAST ENOUGH

NO PUN INTENDED.

WASHINGTON D.C.

IN A SUBBASEMENT OF THE **CAPITOL BUILDING**, A LITTLE KNOWN GOVERNMENT AGENCY CALLED THE **COMMISSION ON SUPERHUMAN ACTIVITY** OPERATES "FOR THE GOOD OF AMERICANS EVERYWHERE."

I don't need a cigarette. I don't need a cigarette. I don't need--

YOU LOOK TENSE, **MRS. STERMAN.**

IT'S **MS.**, MR. **GYRICH.** AND I **DON'T** NEED A CIGARETTE.

YES, OF COURSE.

WELL, **"MS."** STERMAN, ARE YOU PREPARED TO MEET THE FIRST OPERATIVE IN OUR JOINT-AGENCY TASK FORCE?

OVERLY PREPARED, I WOULD SAY.

YES, RIGHT. YOU ARE **QUITE** THE REPORT READER, AREN'T YOU?

BAD START ALREADY, MS. STERMAN. PAPERWORK ISN'T MY STRONG SUIT.

OH, AND WHAT IS-- MR.--?

TROUBLE. NOT THE NAME, MY SPECIALTY.

THE NAME'S **NORRIS. JACK. S.H.I.E.L.D.** AGENT AT YOUR SERVICE.

WOULD THAT BE GETTING *INTO* OR GETTING *OUT* OF?

TROUBLE? ACTUALLY I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE.

I HAVE, MR. NORRIS.

CALL ME JACK.

I'M NOT MUCH A FAN OF THE *FORMER*. AND CALL ME MS. STERMAN.

I'VE *TOTALLY* LOST THE FLOW OF THIS CONVERSATION.

GOOD. I'M NOT MUCH FOR SMALL TALK EITHER. HERE.

OUR TARGET?

NO. PROBABLY SHOULD BE, THOUGH. HE'S THE LAST MEMBER OF OUR TEAM.

HMM. QUITE THE SLAB OF BEEF.

DOES IT HAVE A NAME?

SEVERAL. MS. COOPER--?

JOHN WALKER, A.K.A. JACK DANIELS.

HE HAS A CONVOLUTED, THOUGH USEFUL, HISTORY WITH YOUR ASSIGNED TARGET.

THE THREE OF YOU TOGETHER--

"--MS. STERMAN, THE TARGET SIGHT--

"--MR. NORRIS, THE GUN--

"... MR. DANIELS, THE BULLET--

"ALL THREE OF YOU WILL BE NEEDED TO BRING NOMAD *DOWN!*"

MORNING IN PETCHUWAN, AT LEAST THE AIR IS CLEAN.

EVERYTHING ELSE ABOUT THIS SPITOON OF A TOWN STINKS.

HEARD FROM THE BARNACLES ON THE BAR THAT THE GIRL LAST NIGHT IS NEW IN TOWN. FOUR MONTHS OR SO.

HEALING CENTER

WORKS FOR AN ANIMAL RIGHTS ORGANIZATION.

SHE SET UP SHOP IN PETCHUWAN RIGHT AFTER THE *PIQUE MAGAZINE* ARTICLE APPEARED.

FIGURE THE LADY RAN OFF SO QUICKLY SHE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO *THANK* HER *KNIGHT* IN SHINING LEATHER.

101 DR. VIDEO
103 WILD HAIR
105 X-S BOOKS
107 MAC & MIR
201 P.A.W.
MEYERS &
OFFICE
OFFICE

SEEMS FAIR TO GIVE HER THE CHANCE TO DO IT NOW.

HELLO?

YES -- WHO IS -- OH.

UHM... HI... UHM... LISTEN, SORRY ABOUT LAST NIGHT...

:FEH:

WHA--? *BUCKY?* NO -- NO -- SHE'S NOT ACTUALLY *MY* KID -- PHRM -- LONG STORY.

NOT THE FIRST TIME A WOMAN'S RUN OFF ON ME.

OH. YOU -- UHM -- THE BABY?

ABOUT LAST NIGHT, MISS--?

MS. MANNING.

ERICKA, ACTUALLY.

SORRY ABOUT RUNNING OFF LIKE THAT...

IT'S JUST -- THOSE GUYS -- THEY GET TO ME -- NEVER FAILS --

-THEY *INFURIATE* ME -- THE THINGS THEY DO -- I JUST WANT TO --

--GEEZ -- LISTEN TO ME -- YOU SAVE MY BUTT, I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR--

MR. MONROE.

JACK, ACTUALLY.

NOW WE KNOW *WHO* WE ARE. LET'S GET INTO *WHY* WE'RE HERE.

YOU FIRST. WHAT'S THIS *PAW* THING?

HUM. GOOFY, HUH? PROTECTION OF ANIMALS IN THE WILD.

Y'KNOW, "TYPICAL OUT-OF-FASHION-LEFTIST-LIBERAL-GROUP-OF-COMMIE-HIPPIE FREAKS" OUT TO BRING A LITTLE *SANITY* TO THE WORLD.

AND *THIS* PLACE HERE SURE COULD USE SOME.

YOU MEAN THIS "ROAD KILL CAPITAL" GARBAGE?

"YEAH, BUT LET'S NOT GET INTO IT HERE -- I KEEP ALL MY REAL INFORMATION AT MY APARTMENT."

"WHY?"

"THE OFFICE HAS BEEN RANSACKED A COUPLE OF TIMES. COPS SAID IT WAS SOME DRUNK KIDS."

"AND YOU THINK?"

"I THINK, JACK, THAT IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN HELPING ME, I SHOULD TREAT YOU TO LUNCH AT MY PLACE..."

GEEZ -- COME ON!
WHAT?
PHRMM. DOOR'S BEEN FORCED
HANG BACK.
A GUN? WHERE DID YOU GET THE GUN?
BUCKY WAS HIDING IT.
EMPTY. WE'RE CLEAR. C'MON IN.
MY FILES -- ALL THE EVIDENCE I'VE GATHERED!
OH GOD -- FERGIE --
EVIDENCE? FERGIE?
SOMEBODY WAS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING.
FERGIE!!
MY CAT! THOSE NEANDERTHALS TOOK MY CAT!!
EASY -- SLOW -- WHO ARE THEY?
THOSE GUYS FROM LAST NIGHT?
;JOLSHOO;

SO SHE TALKS. THREE GUYS. CALL THEMSELVES THE *ROAD KILL CLUB.*

PIQUE MAGAZINE PRINTED A JOKE STORY, RANDOMLY PICKING SOME PUDDLE OF NOTHING IN NOTHERN CALIFORNIA FOR THEIR COVER FEATURE, AND THESE GUYS TOOK IT UP AS SOME SORT OF BADGE OF *HONOR.*

LIKE IT WAS *IMPORTANT* THEY DO SOMETHING TO UPHOLD THE TITLE OF "ROAD KILL CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES."

DEGUZMAN

A. DEGUZMAN

HENR

KIP HENRIES

ULMANN

Ulmann seems to Ringleader, just because the others listen to him all the time. He doesn't say much, but when he talks DeGuzman and Henries shut up.

WHAT IF *PIQUE* MAGAZINE HAD CALLED PET-CHUWAN THE GAY-BASHING CAPITAL ? OR THE JEW-HATING CAPITAL ? WHAT WOULD IT LEAD TO ?

HOW DID THIS COUNTRY GET TO THE POINT WHERE THE MEDIA-MORONS DECIDE *WHO* WE ARE AND *WHAT* WE DO?

THESE MEN-- YOU'RE *SURE* ABOUT THEM ?

POSITIVE. I HAVE THE EVIDENCE I NEED TO--

YOU WON'T GET THEM ARRESTED. NOT IN THIS BURG.

YOU WANT THEM *STOPPED.* I'LL DO IT.

UHM... WHY--?

TWO THINGS KEEP ME *HUMAN* IN AN INHUMAN WORLD.

DEALING WITH ANIMALS IS *ONE* OF THEM.

AND THE *OTHER?*

OH.

7:25. I'M ON IT. *KIP HENRIES* IS FIRST.

I WAIT FIFTEEN MINUTES FOR HIS OFFICE TO CLEAR OUT...

KIP IS A DENTIST. SEEMS HE PROVIDES THE *ANESTHESIA* TO KNOCK THE ANIMALS OUT.

SOME WOULD CALL IT *LAUGHING GAS*. THAT'S IF SLAUGHTERING INNOCENT ANIMALS STRIKES YOU AS BEING *FUNNY*.

HMMM... THIS WON'T WORK.

AUDRA

WHERE'D I LEAVE THE #@4% X-RAYS?

WHAT'S WITH THE LIGHTS--?

KLIK

KLIK

KLIK

CHIK KLIK

I'M ON HIM LIKE CHEAPON K-MART.

KRAKT

KEEP HIM OFF-BALANCE. KEEP HIM SCARED.

HE WAKES EIGHT MINUTES LATER, ALL GROGGY.

IT'S TIME FOR THE DENTIST TO PERFORM SOME ORAL ACRO-BATICS.

HUMMA

WHUB--?

OUGG! OUGG!

HI, KIP. NEED YOUR TEETH CLEANED?

.12 GAUGE SHOULD DO A PRETTY THOROUGH JOB.

WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE... *ANESTHETIC*--?

WHUD JUU WHAN--?

I WANT TO HEAR YOU *TALK*.

ABUD WHUD--?

ABOUT *ANIMALS*. DEFENSELESS, INNOCENT, SLAUGHTERED ANIMALS...

AFTER HENRIES IS TAKEN CARE OF, I GO TO DE GUZMAN'S.

ANGELO'S A *MECHANIC*. OWNS A GARAGE.

HE RIGS THE TRAPS, AND FIXES THE TRUCK WHEN IT GETS BUSTED HITTING LARGER PREY.

OXXON

LET'S SEE HIM POUND THE DENTS OUT OF HIS OWN HEAD...

FWUSHH

SOME LIKE IT *HOT*, RIGHT, ANGELO--?

WHAT--? WHO'S THERE--?

THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO BURN YOU DOWN.

GET THE #%@$ OUT OF MY GARAGE!

AAK--!

AGCK--!

SHUNK

THESE *BOOTS* WERE MADE FOR *KICKING*.

TEN MINUTES LATER, I GET A RISE OUT OF HIM.

WHAT--? WHAT'S GOING ON--?

FWUNK

HEY! HEY! THAT'S THE HYDRAULIC--

VUMM

--LIFT--?

WHADDYOU WANT FROM ME?

I WANT YOU TO TALK.

VUMM

ABOUT WHAT?

ABOUT YOU, ABOUT ANIMALS.

CORRECT CHANGE ONLY

VUMM

WHADD'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

WHAT WAS YOUR TRAP BEING SET FOR TONIGHT?

PSHT

VUMM

THE CAT--! THAT ANIMAL-LADY'S $#@! CAT!

FERGIE. HER NAME IS FERGIE. WHERE IS IT?

ULMANN'S! C'MON, MAN--! IT'S AT ULMANN'S!!

SKRNCH

HERE'S THE *REAL* KICK IN THE GROIN...

HARRY ULMANN RUNS THE PETCHUWAN *ANIMAL SHELTER.*

THE PIG GIVES ALL KINDS OF HELPLESS ANIMALS *REFUGE,* THEN HE TURNS AROUND AND *KILLS* THEM.

I HOP THE FENCE AND I HIT THE GROUND LIKE QUIET ON A SNOWFALL.

BUT NOT QUIET ENOUGH FOR SOME EARS.

DOBERMANS. TWO OF THEM. ALL SPIT AND SNARL.

TEACH THEM *HATRED,* YOU GET MAD DOGS.

TEACH THEM *LOVE,* YOU GET... COULDN'T TELL YOU...

IRONIC. IN ORDER TO STOP THE ANIMAL-KILLER, I HAVE TO TAKE DOWN HIS ANIMALS.

... I'VE NEVER SEEN MAN NOR BEAST RAISED BY LOVE.

IT'S NOT THE DOGS' FAULT. THEY ARE WHAT THEY WERE *MADE* TO BE.

NO DIFFERENT THAN THE REST OF US.

I'M TRYING TO DO FOR *BUCKY* WHAT WASN'T DONE FOR *ME--*

--OR THESE DOGS.

PREACH THE OPEN PALM AND NOT THE CLOSED FIST.

MY STUN DISKS ARE A COMPROMISE.

THEY GO DOWN HARD.

KCHOOM KCHOOM KCHOOM

AND SO DO I.

WHERE THE *HECK* DID *THOSE* SHOTS COME FROM?

RIB'S ARE ACHING EVEN THROUGH THE FLAK JACKET.

DOESN'T ULMANN KNOW EVERYONE WEARS *KEVLAR* NOW?

KRAKT

HIS ARM SNAPS LIKE A WISH-BONE.

HE DROPS THE RIFLE.

HE HEADS INTO THE SHELTER.

JOINING ALL THE OTHER ANIMALS WHO WERE ONLY ASKING FOR A LITTLE BIT OF HELP.

INSIDE, THE FIRST THING I SEE ARE THE *EYES*.

HAUNTED. HOPELESS.

I SEE ZOOS. SCIENCE LABS. PET STORES. LIVESTOCK FARMS.

THEY HAVE *SO* MANY QUESTIONS AND I DON'T HAVE THE ANSWERS.

WHAT DID THEY *DO* TO DESERVE *THIS* ?

WHICH COMMANDMENT SAID WE HAD THE RIGHT TO *TAKE FREEDOM* AWAY FROM *OTHER* LIVING CREATURES ?

NO PHILOSOPHY WHILE FIGHTING, JACK !

HE HITS THE CAGES. HALF OF THEM SPRING OPEN.

I OPEN THE REST.

ULMANN FREEZES UP. SCARED? HURT? *WHY?*

M-WOWR

SOMEONE I KNOW IS WAITING FOR YOU TO COME HOME.

WHY ASK WHY ?

FEEERGIE --?

COME HERE, KITTY.

YES, I DO, RALPH.

WHY? BECAUSE HE LEFT HIS BABY WITH ME, THAT'S WHY!

BRRRING

DOORBELL. I'LL CALL YOU BACK, OKAY?

JACK? IS THAT--

OH

FERGIE!!

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO WRAP THINGS UP IS HERE.

SUPPLY RECORDS, CORRESPONDENCE, BILLS AND MORE.

WHERE ARE THEY?

BEING TAKEN CARE OF.

HEY-- WAIT-- THAT'S NOT WHAT PAW IS ABOUT!

THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M ABOUT!

AND YOU THINK I AM?

I'LL DITCH THE TRUCK FIRST CHANCE I GET.

I FEEL DIRTY JUST DRIVING IT.

;FEH!

BUCKY AGREES.

LOS ANGELES. A HOTEL ON SUNSET BOULEVARD. THREE DAYS LATER.

45

NOK NOK NOK NOK

THIS IT?

FORTY-FIVE. YEAH.

DOOR'S OPEN.

OH. WE JUST WALK IN?

HE'S EXPECTING US, ISN'T HE?

WALKER--YOU IN HERE? IT'S JACK NORRIS AND ANDREA STERMAN.

YEAH...

...I'M IN HERE.

YOU'RE HERE, I'M HERE.

THE ONLY ONE MISSING IS *NOMAD*.

AND I'M GONNA MAKE THAT CONDITION *PERMANENT!*

NEXT: U.S. AGENT